

COLL CORRESPONDENCE

1870.

TO NEW BRUNSWICK

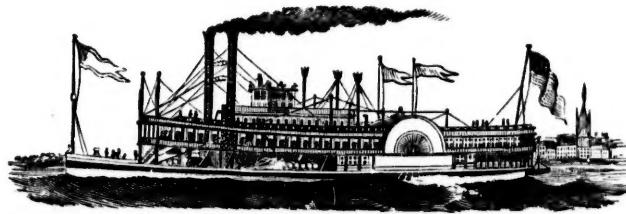
COIT CORRESPONDENCE:

OR,

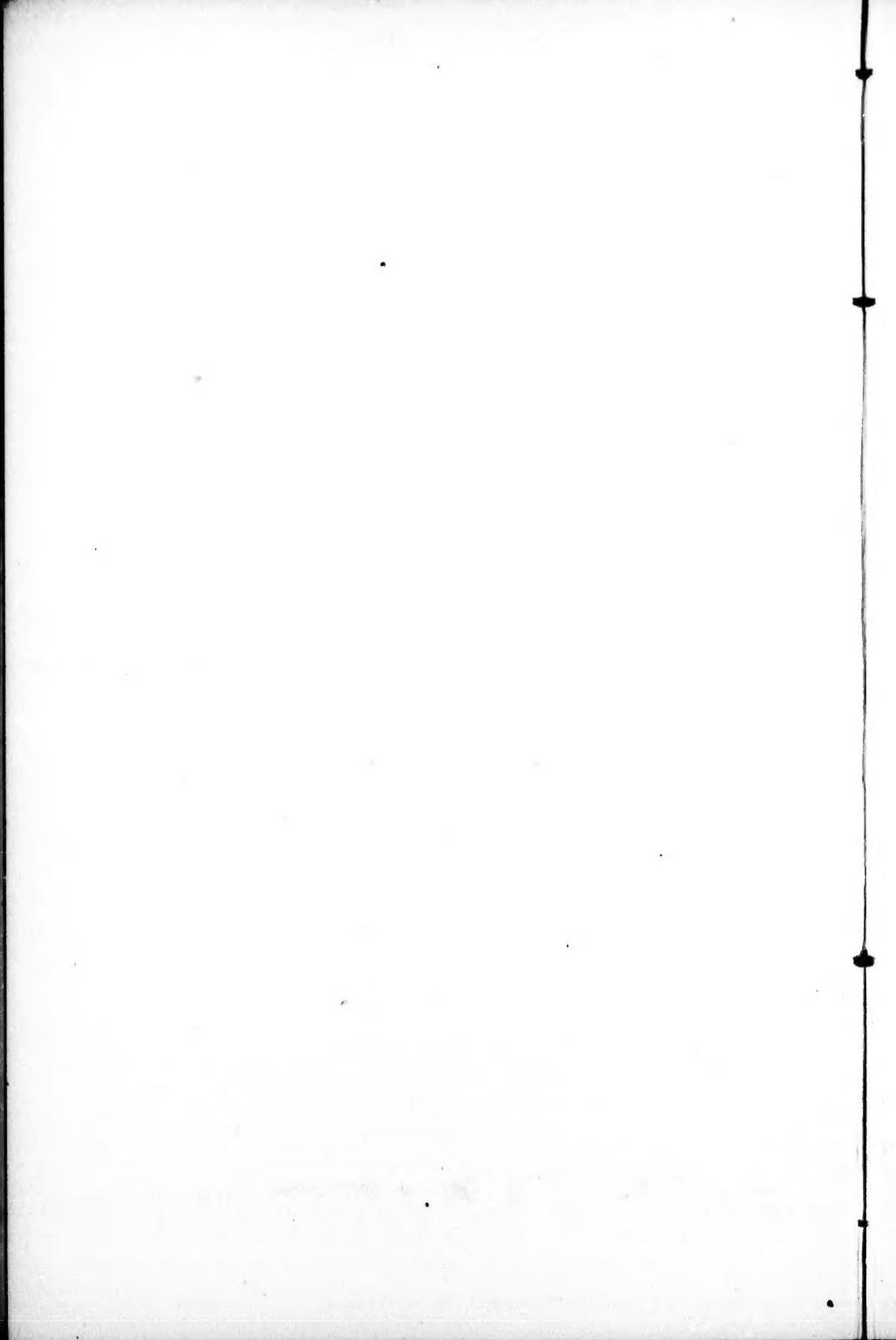
A Trip to New Brunswick,

BY

THE COIT FAMILY.



WORCESTER:
PRINTED BY CHAS. HAMILTON,
PALLADIUM OFFICE.
1871.



THE COMMITTEE

WOULD MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS VOLUME

TO

CAPTAIN S. H. PIKE,

THE NOBLE COMMANDER OF THE STEAMER

"New Brunswick."

P R E F A C E.



HE first Coit Excursion was made during the summer of 1868, by a party of gentlemen and ladies from Worcester, in a steamer chartered of Capt. W. W. Coit, of Norwich, Ct., and bearing his name. The party visited Newport, New Bedford, Edgartown and other New England towns. An account of the trip is preserved in a little volume entitled "By Sea and Land."

The second Excursion, made in 1869, included among other points of interest, New York City and the Hudson River. The trip lasted eight days and the steamer employed was the *City of New London*. The story is told in a book entitled "The River and the Sound." The Excursion of 1870 is described in the present volume.

In weaving into history the scenes and events of our late excursion to the East, it was our aim to do the work faithfully, and in such a manner as to meet the approval of the Coit Family. We endeavored to pluck the fairest flowers in the wide field before us, trusting they might prove those things of beauty which are "a joy forever." If the contents of these pages find an echo in your hearts we shall be satisfied. We feel sure at least that as a memorial of the "Coit Excursion" of 1870, this little volume will suggest pleasant memories to all who participated in the trip. The experiences of those bright days of July and

August will be ever fresh and fragrant. Who of us can ever forget the grand old steamer *New Brunswick*, her noble commander, her manly officers, and her genial crew? Who can forget the cities by the sea that gave us so cordial greeting; the coast of Maine, with its grand island scenery; the Kennebec, the Penobscot, and the St. John—beautiful trio of rivers; the Bay of Fundy on which we tossed, and our first sunrise on the blue Atlantic? Who can forget those hours of setting day and early eve, devoted to social converse, speeches, readings, music and songs of praise? Who can forget the warm words of welcome at the hour of meeting, or the yet warmer expressions of farewell at the hour of parting? More than all, who will forget that Kind Father, whose footprints are upon the sea and the land alike, whose tender care preserved each life, and re-restored us all in safety to the loved ones at home?

"All is this ruled by the Sight above."

A. H. Davis.

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CRUISE OF THE COITS.

Originally published in the Worcester Evening Gazette,



PORTLAND HARBOR, July 27, 1870.

THE Coits have just waved and shouted adieu to their Portland friends, and are off for Bath.

The scene is inspiriting—a faultless sky above, the air astir with a tonic breeze, the sunshine on the water glorious. I take off my unwilling eyes from the ever-shifting beauty of the sea and shore, shut my unwilling ears to the sense and possibly nonsense of gleeful voices, and force my unwilling fingers into this epistolary service.

Considering the magnitude of the excursion party, the many and complicated arrangements to be made, too much praise cannot be accorded to the Coit Committee for the facility and dispatch with which they have adjusted everything. Leaving Boston at $12\frac{1}{2}$ m. we were at Gloucester about 4 p. m. Meanwhile the state-rooms, 34 in number, were sold by auction at prices ranging from \$27 to \$50. It was short work—"going, gone!" Then, because 300

people could not conveniently—or, at least, properly—sit down to dinner in about 150 seats, the great company was *bisected*, the energetic steward, Mr. Glazier, performing the mournful task in a few twinks of your eye. This *surge-ical* operation seeming to have spoiled nobody's appetite, it was announced as one of the Coit regulations that Division No. 1 would be served with meals first on that day, on the next Division No. 2, and so on in alternate measure; that is to say, the first should be last and the last should be first to the end of the chapter. It seemed to have occurred to the managers that the enterprising purchasers of state-rooms might not attempt in a fit of social generosity to accommodate the whole party with lodging, and therefore, dinner intervening, drawing for berths was the next thing in order.

Domestic arrangements perfected, we were at liberty to *do* Gloucester until 11 o'clock, the time of starting for Portland.

I wonder if anybody except myself got beyond the smell of fish. It certainly is not a difficult thing to do, as I found by a five minutes ride to "Little Good Harbor." Let every fagged-out mortal go there if he would be rejuvenated. He will find the sea in its grandest aspects, a fine beach for bathing, no dust, the ruggedest rocks to climb and prospect from, delightful company, and the house under Mr. Whiting's charge almost a model in all its appointments. Nearly a year ago the Gloucester people

lost by fire their new City Hall. It is evidence of good pluck that they are rapidly building another at a cost of about \$100,000.

The passage to Portland was too quiet to gratify anybody, I believe, desirous to be sea sick. For myself, I awoke, upon the arrival of the boat, at $6\frac{1}{2}$ a. m., with the consciousness of having slept well, and with the impression, justified by appearances, that everybody else had done the same thing. It was decided that we should sail again at 2 p. m. The time allotted was most satisfactorily spent in walks and drives about the most beautiful of our eastern cities. State street with its fine old mansions and double rows of lofty elms, the beautiful City Hall, Longfellow's home—a well preserved three-storied brick building of olden fashion, the eastern and the western Promenades and the magnificent harbor, are among the pleasant things to be remembered.

One can hardly realize that but four years ago one third of this city was in ashes. Scarce a sign of the disaster is to be noticed, except the absence of shade trees where the fire swept along. The new buildings are finer than the old ones, giving the impression to the visitor that the city received a blessing in disguise. It is not so, however. To encourage rebuilding, directly after the conflagration, the city loaned money on easy terms to all who would erect buildings. In the expectation of high rents, which has not been realized, men built too extravagantly and find

themselves now struggling under a burden of debt they can not pay. Then too, Portland has depended largely, in years past, upon the West India trade, which has been seriously cut down by the late political disturbances in Cuba. Not a single ship, a gentleman tells me, is owned in Portland. Notwithstanding all this the city is not drying up, or going to seed. It is very gradually growing in prosperity and will ever continue to be a most charming place of residence.

A. H. D.



FOX ISLAND THOROUGHFARE, July 28, 1870.

Brisk and most enjoyable sail of three hours brought us to the mouth of the Kennebec, and to the city of Bath, formerly famous for ship-building. As we steamed in on the quiet water, the Band struck up a lively air, and the astonished natives thronged the wharves to greet us. The glory of Bath has departed. Only two or three small vessels are upon the stocks. Not many years ago one could almost throw a stone from one ship-yard to another all up and down the Kennebec, or, as it has been more strongly expressed, "they used to

build ships here by the mile and cut them off as ordered." The Maine-iacs are hoping, I am told, that the European war may create such a demand for ships as will give their ship-building towns a new lease of life. But even now there is no lack of demand for vessels of every sort. The State has treasures of good lumber, the skill and the will to fashion it into floating palaces; but she can not pay the duty upon iron imported from England, and compete with the British Provinces. So they, for the present, build the ships. Still Bath gives abundant evidence that money has been made and saved there. She has many fine private residences, and some very creditable public buildings, among which may be mentioned the Sagadahoc House, and an elegant High School edifice.

The Coits had but two or three hours of daylight in which to view the externals of the city, but this sufficed to give a good idea of it. In the evening the attractions were a social meeting on board and a concert ashore. At the meeting Mr. George R. Peckham presided, speeches were made by Rev. Asa Bullard of "*Well-Spring*" fame, Mr. Mecorney, and others; the piano was made to discourse "most eloquent music" under the touch of fair fingers, and some admirable humorous readings were given by Mr. Lincoln of East Boston. The concert would have delighted a Worcester audience. Indeed it had that, for Columbian Hall held a large part of the excursionists. The performers were Miss Sarah W.

Barton, the distinguished soprano, of Salem, Mass., Mr. Carlyle Petersilea, pianist, Mr. Skinner, ballad singer and conductor, and Mr. C. H. McLellan, barytone. "In May Time," an English Ballad sung by Miss Barton was rapturously applauded and *encored*. Later, when most of us were packed away, like so many herring in our berths, the Bath Glee Club favored us with a stirring serenade.

Precisely at four o'clock p. m. the cables are unloosed and we are on our way direct for Eastport—distance 170 miles. It is thought best to get on towards St. John as fast as possible while the weather is propitious. Dropped stitches can be taken up on the homeward track. Going by day, too, we are able to take what is called "the inside route," winding along through the most glorious island scenery. When I began this letter—which has been written by snatches during the day—we had just passed Owl's Head, a rocky promontory, with a lighthouse at its extremity, around which a little inland we could plainly see Rockland, famous for lime. A little farther on, appear the Camden Hills, with the pretty village of Camden in the foreground nestled at the water's edge. But it is impossible to describe the scenery we are passing; one wants to photograph it all. Everybody is in the exclamatory mood. The hurricane deck, with the Band in front and in full blast, is covered with eager gazers; so is the promenade deck, and every outlook has

a looker-out. The weather is superb ; the waters sparkle ; every moment reveals some charming cove fringed with boats, or grand headland, or fisher's cottage romantically placed. The scattered inhabitants plough only the sea. The soil is unkind, and gives birth mainly to stunted evergreens. A thousand bewitching summer resorts flit past us.

Fox Island Thoroughfare, where I began these notes, runs along for several miles like a broad river ; emerging from which we find ourselves anon seemingly in the centre of a great lake, for the far-off land almost encircles us. Thus the scene constantly shifts.

At this moment, as I write, we are directly opposite Mount Desert, 10 miles from Bath and five hours from Eastport. A fishing smack under full canvas dips her colors as she shoots by, and we return the compliment with a vociferous whistle. Mount Desert is a misnomer. The original name given by the first French settlers conveys the right idea—*Monts Deserts*. Thirteen huge, bald, mountain-heads stand close together in crescent order, as if in council. As many lakes of fresh water, they say, lurk here and there upon the island. Right upon the crown of one of these hoary heads, we could descry “The Summer Resort,” a rude hotel, and imagined the party of New Yorkers—said to be stopping there—vainly struggling to hold their hats on while taking in the view of fifty miles around. “Mein Gott ! vere ish der vind !” in

dignantly exclaimed the Dutchman, whose cheeks were already bursting, when urged to play "louder, louder!" It must be up there. But I shall have more to say of Mount Desert on our return, if we touch there as now proposed.

We shall presently be in Eastport—at least before dark. The plan now is to spend the morrow there fishing. Then hurrah for St. John!

It would delight your readers to look in upon this great meandering family, and observe how perfectly the arrangements secure every body's comfort. Do you want the doctor? State room near the gang way—there's the sign—Dr. Schofield. The barber? In the gentlemen's cabin, forward, sir. Look at this placard at the head of the tables:

" MEAL HOURS.

Breakfast,	-	-	-	-	-	7 A. M.
Dinner,	-	-	-	-	-	1 P. M.
Supper,	-	-	-	-	-	6 P. M."

The meals are served promptly. Fifteen hired waiters move nimbly about with hot coffee and English breakfast tea, twice a day. At dinner, cold water; no wine; no beer. Nobody eats till the chaplain says grace, and all is orderly as a dinner at the Bay State House.

Everybody is getting acquainted with everybody. Everybody is happy. At all events, if anybody has the bad taste to be miserable in this goodly company, with

these surroundings, and the present anticipations, there is nothing left for that poor mortal but a plunge over board.

A. H. D.



EASTPORT, ME., Passamaquoddy House, July 29, 1870.

HE weather seems determined to accommodate the Coit Excursion; for to-day it is a little cloudy, just right for fishing. A more jubilant party than ours never landed in Eastport. Our coming had been anticipated. Crowds of men, women and children at the wharves and in boats bade us welcome, with shoutings and waving handkerchiefs. The Coits responded in gallant style, and the band rang out hilariously. The excitement on board was intense; emotions were tempestuous and irrepressible. Tuesday was *good*, Wednesday was *better*, and yesterday *best*. Superlatives will have to be coined before we reach St. John.

The most persistent search fails to discover an unhappy Coit. The most exquisite ear detects no jar in our great household. The social meeting, held in the saloon last evening, was a great success. Short speeches, spicy anec-

dotes, instrumental and vocal music, a capital reading by Mr. Lincoln, a variety of "quips and cranks," the whole concluded by a short but fervent prayer by Rev. Asa Bullard hushing all instantly to a becoming sobriety of behavior, made up the programme. It was ten o'clock. A ball was in progress at Memorial Hall. A serenade was proposed; Captain Pike, a splendid specimen of a man and a Coit at heart, lead the way. The band and two hundred and fifty Coits followed in a long and silent procession. Assembled before the door, and waiting for a pause in the festive music within, the leader, Mr. Richardson,

" With a gesture of command
Waved his hand"—

The melody leaped upon the air. There was a sound of flying feet. Up went windows; out came heads. The music done, clap went hands. A cordial invitation is extended to come in. Our committee decide to let us trespass for a half-hour. So we go quietly in, and are most courteously-treated guests.

Memorial Hall is a fine building completed last May, of which the city is justly proud. The interior spacious enough, is gas lighted from above, and very tastefully finished. But who could look up, except to rest his eyes from the dazzling beauty upon the floor! I think those of our party who knew previously little of Eastport, were surprised to witness in this little city of 4,000 souls,

situated at the "jumping off place," so much beauty, grace and polish. The ladies' toilettes were exquisite and in great variety. White slippers, white kids, white waistcoats, and dress coats were in the ascendant. Our distinguished bearing may be supposed to have made ample amends for any infraction of etiquette as regards dress. The Coits before leaving engaged the hall for a dance to-night, and invited our genial entertainers to be our guests in turn. I think we shall be forgiven, but the truth is, that when we returned to our quarters about midnight, the most of us were thoroughly *intoxicated* with ardent emotions. We slept ourselves sober, however, before morning. Breakfast relaxed the facial muscles again, and the merry twinkle of every true Coit's eye said as plainly as the imploring words of Oliver Twist— "More, more."

The above was written early this morning. It is now past noon. For the first time, we are obliged to adapt our plans to the weather. We were to start on a grand fishing frolic at eleven. But the clouds frowned and frowned, and finding us still heedless, at last "came down on us." We yield gracefully, except a willful few who are risking the rage of Jupiter Pluvius. May he pity their temerity, and disdain to launch his bolts!

On board a *novel* scene presents itself; that is to say, the books look like it, which some of the young ladies are

reading. Whist and euchre parties are clustered here and there. An occasional couple are deep in checkers or not so deep in backgammon; some listen while Philomela or some other lady sings; and yet others are inditing messages of love and recording impressions for the gratification of dear ones at home. Fortunate in having had a previous acquaintance with this region, a little tramp and cursory look about town yesterday afternoon enables me to note most of the changes of twelve years. Eastport as seen from the bay is a picturesque town, rising abruptly from the water, and protected by Fort Sullivan, which crowns an eminence in the background. Uncle Sam's flag floats there, and we respect the symbol, but can not help pitying the fifty soldiers, who have nothing to do but go through a daily drill and parade for \$16 a month. No wonder desertions are frequent. It is only a mile directly across to Campo Bello. A stolen boat, or perhaps a Byronic swim conducts the dripping and disgusted hero safe under the broad skirts of Victoria. Fort Sullivan, named for Gen. Sullivan, dates back to the struggle for independence. It is an earthwork in good state of preservation as originally constructed. The most notable object within its area is a genuine Block House. Its timbers are huge and hard enough to defy the jaw-teeth of Time a century longer. Its figure is square, and the second story juts out like beetling eyebrows on every side, somewhat suggestive of an elevated hat bathing tub.

A little boy of our party thought it was a hen-house.

Your readers may be aware that Eastport is an island connecting with the main land by a bridge four miles from the city. It was captured by the British in 1812, and though peace was declared by the treaty of Ghent in 1815, owing to some complications respecting boundary, it was not surrendered to the United States until 1818. The Passamaquoddy House takes its designation from the Indian name of the bay it overlooks. It is a three-storied wooden structure with a Mansard roof, quite imposing in appearance, containing 80 guest rooms, handsomely fitted up and provided with every convenience of a first class hotel. The clean, cool looking, uncarpeted, hard pine floors are refreshing to look at. With no help from the Coits, every room but one was occupied last night, so Mr. Taft, the gentlemanly proprietor, tells me. This fact would seem to imply that Eastport is appreciated as a place of summer resort.

Our tarry here to-day affords our energetic steward, Mr. Glazier, a fine opportunity to take in provisions, and he knows how to take advantage of it. 2000 loaves of bread are baking, an ox and 14 lambs are to be slaughtered, the Eastport hens are trying to lay all their eggs at once, and a native has been dispatched 17 miles into the country for 12 bushels of pease. What happier conjunction can be imagined than those pease with the St. John salmon the steward has promised to feast us with for the next three days !

Well, we shall all take with us pleasant memories of Eastport, and good wishes for its hospitable people. Their excellent schools make them intelligent; their transient, but oft-recurring intercourse with the polite world, imparts a culture and refinement unusual in communities so far removed from great cities; and their isolation fosters a kindly feeling for strangers.

To-morrow morning, at 4, we set off for St. John. What there awaits us will be told in another letter.

A. H. D.



BAY OF FUNDY, JULY 30, 1870.

WE are bounding along this morning, with impetuous speed, to exchange caresses with one of the British whelps. Proudly conscious that Uncle Sam's eagle eye is upon us, we shall try to behave with propriety. If the youngster, mistaking the spirit of some good-natured pat, "gets his little back up," we shall instantly strike a contemplative attitude, make the thing a study for the benefit of the Worcester Natural History Society, and wait for it to come down again. The St. John Guide Book is eloquent in its description of this Tory-founded

city and surroundings. We shall see if the reality "comes up to the high and sounding phrase of the manifesto."

The sea is so much rougher than heretofore, that some of our party find it difficult *to contain* their—their admiration. Several of the "weaker vessels" abruptly quitted the breakfast table without mentioning the cause. As they shot past, alarmed friends enquired, "Pray, are you ill?" And with handkerchief quite stopping the entrance of that "most miraculous organ" whence is wont to issue the divinest of sounds, a woman's voice, and with eyes convulsively closed as if to prevent possible egress there, the fair fugitive touchingly murmured,

"Entuned in hire nose ful swetely"

"M——m,——m——m"—

"Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

I believe it is Carlyle who characterizes man as "a walking stomach." A sea-sick individual accepts the definition.

I continue this letter after a long and long-to-be-remembered day in St. John. Indeed, we excursionists find ourselves obliged to adopt the eight hour system, *i. e.*, eight hours in the forenoon, and eight hours in the afternoon. Warily advancing through the partially illuminated fog,

listening to the steamer's impatient cry, "where are you, old fog-y," and to the deep bass of the fog bell, as it seemed to answer like a "spirit from the vasty deep," O-ver he-re, o-ver he-re, slow-ly, friend, slow-ly, we at last pass Manawaganish—vulgarly styled Mahogany island, then Partridge island, and lo, through the misty air loom the shipping and rocky heights of the commercial capital of New Brunswick. We ride into the harbor to the tune of "God save the Queen," grandly played from our hurricane deck, and are met at the wharf by a multitude of mutton-chop whiskers and small boys. But certain gentlemen having long whips in their hands with which they kindly beckoned to us, saying constantly "Av-a-cab-zur," "av-a-cab-zur?" appeared most gratified to see us. Not comprehending what part of the government they represented, though plainly perceiving that they were indulging in expressions of welcome, we imitated the example of our reticent President Grant, bowed with dignity and passed on. Whereat, observing our urbanity, they were so delighted that they exclaimed the more, "Av-a-cab-zur!" "Av-a-cab-zur!" So cordial a greeting, of course, awakens the best sentiments of our nature, and assures us that we shall like these foreigners.

But all pleasantries aside, it is not too much to say, that from the moment of our landing we have been treated more like brothers than mere visitors. The Mayor has dined with us, and citizens have vied with each other

in extending to us delicate attentions, accompanying us to points of interest and showing us just where and how to get the finest views of this most attractive region. We are again blessed with the glad sunshine, and breathe exhilarating air. My observations in so short a time must of course be partial, like a soldier's on the battle-field. The Coits have been active. Some have been after the speckled trout, and some after kid gloves—real Joseph's, at 130 U. S. cents a pair—some driving, and more promenading. A few, alas, have found the Insane Asylum, the Penitentiary, the Jail, or even the Poor House so attractive and well suited to their respective conditions, that there is little hope of luring them back to Worcester. One elderly Coit in particular, who is "mad only nor' nor' west" gives glowing accounts of the Insane Asylum. For myself, I confess while striving to be as ubiquitous as possible, I caught myself more than once gazing pensively upon the Poor House. The above-mentioned institutions are represented by respectable edifices and are among the most noticeable of a public sort. The Custom-House and Hotels generally are rather seedy looking buildings. The Theatre is a rude and rickety affair, so small that the orchestra, consisting of a bass-viol, three fiddles and two brass-horns, can easily "split the ears of the groundlings." The parks are small, unkempt, and destitute of special ornament. The dwelling houses, and lesser business establishments,

have in general a battered look. The market-place is a dingy aggregation of stalls where excellent beef can be bought for 13 cts. a pound, eggs for 23 cts., butter for 30 cts., blueberries and raspberries for 4 cts. a quart. On the other hand, the streets are refreshingly broad, and not a few very imposing structures of brick or stone, adorn the busier thoroughfares of trade. The Hospital tops a considerable hill which not only affords a healthful site but admirably displays the fine proportions of the building. From this point is obtained a most ravishing view of Mount Pleasant. Reed's Castle, so called, crowns the summit. On either hand stretching away on the left to Paradise, on the right to—well, for a guess, to the Land of Canaan, and all adown the uneven slope before us, are ensconced behind thick-growing cedars very many of the finer residences of the city. The beautiful gardens and grass plats which surround these villas are hid from our view by the foliage, as are also most of the villas themselves, except their Gothic roofs and towers. A light haze softened the picture as we looked and gave to it that fairy like charm which twilight sometimes lends to the landscape. This view captivates all and is worth coming to St. John to see. Still facing Mount Pleasant, directly below us in the valley, is the Victoria Skating Rink, the largest in America. A little to the right is the Convent of the Sacred Heart, where pious maidens ne'er look upon the face of nature or the face of man. A few steps bring

us to the Bishop's palace and to the Catholic Cathedral whose grand bulk and pleasing architecture excite our admiration. St. John is emphatically a city of churches; from Carleton Heights alone may be counted the turrets or spires of twenty-five. From Hospital hill, facing about, we look out upon Courtenay Bay, where the surf is driven in upon the flats by a tide which rises 40 feet at the wharves. Mount Pleasant overlooks Lily Lake, a half-hour's walk from King street. This sheet of water, about three miles in circuit, is oblong, has a sinuous margin and is the home of the pond-lilies. The banks clothed with spruce and cedars rise 100 feet or more with only a slight slope from the water, adding uniqueness to the whole effect.

At the foot of King street is Market Square, now a grand stand for drays, carts and slovens. Here, at what is called The Slip—suggestive word—landed, in 1783, the "Pilgrim Fathers of New Brunswick," those old Loyalists whose souls did not kindle with our fathers' upon the "imperial theme" of the Revolution. I didn't observe any monument in this vicinity, but in the Old Burial Ground,—which by the way is prettily diversified with willows, and horse chestnut trees, though otherwise shabby enough—I noticed a great many deaths of elderly gentlemen in 1815, and concluded that becoming disgusted with life they *slipped* off in each others' company as they came.

This letter is already too long, and yet I have not half

exhausted the scenes and sights of this memorable day. I must refer you to Mr. Mecorney's letters in the *Spy* where you will find, I doubt not, all the gaps filled. Or, better yet, come yourself and behold this truly noble harbor, with its grand semi-circle edged with ships; the Suspension Bridge; the marvellous phenomenon of the Falls at the mouth of the St. John river, where twice a day the descending waters face directly opposite points of the compass—like little boys see-sawing—and where twice a day for fifteen minutes and no longer, vessels may pass up or down; and, if piscatorially inclined, catch all the trout and salmon you can. I cannot quite omit, however, my happiest experience of the day—a visit to the Barracks. Until recently, England has kept a large military force here. It was expensive and useless. Now one regiment of Scotch Highlanders answers for this province and Nova Scotia—two companies here, six there. These Scotch boys gave us “a Highland welcome,” and took evident pleasure in giving us information and gratifying our curiosity. Among other things they showed us a genuine needle-gun, and explained its peculiar and ingenious device for exploding the cap. But the noble fellows were themselves the objects of greatest interest. Many were in full dress—feather bonnet and hackle, scarlet tunic, kilt, sporran, hose, white gaiters, and skene-dhu, all complete. For undress they wear a buff jacket and the Glengarry cap. They belong to the 78th Highlanders, their

regimental crest being a stag's head with scroll inscribed "*Cuidich'n Righ*," or "King's Men," and their war-cry "*Carber fey*." The piper, John Duncan, obligingly tuned his bagpipe—instrument dear to the Highland Scotch,—and played reels and jigs; then, striking a loftier strain, the "Gathering of the Clans" and "I'm wearin' awa Jean," closed the pleasant entertainment. I thought of the Scotch piper brought into the presence of Napoleon. "Play a march," said the Emperor. He played it. "Play a pibroch." It was played. "Play a retreat." "Na, na, I canna play that," was the quick reply. I shall not forget Sergeant James Tuite, a hero of Lucknow, who wears three medals upon his breast—"India," "Persia," and a third inscribed, "FOR LONG SERVICE AND GOOD CONDUCT." How proud I was to grasp his manly hand, and show my esteem for his modest merit! Nor shall I let go from memory the names and faces of Wishart and Willson. Good-bye boys—may God indeed be with you.

And now, reminding you that this city is about the size of Worcester,—population 45,000; that its thrift—for it seems to be thriving—depends largely upon its trade in fish and lumber; that it makes large importations of British goods, and sells the costliest of them to us Yankees, whose dollars just now are worth 84 cents, I take my leave of the goodly city of St. John.

A. H. D.



PASSAMAQUODDY HOUSE, EASTPORT, AUG. 2, 1870.

THREE eventful days of the Coit Excursion are to be imperfectly sketched in this letter. The Sabbath was observed as becomes the descendants of the Pilgrims. Three services were held on board the steamer, the morning one conducted by our worthy Chaplain, Rev. Mr. Osterhout; that in the afternoon, by Rev. Mr. Bullard. At nightfall, the beauty of the sky and surrounding scenery, together with the softness of the evening air, having drawn great numbers to the upper decks, and a crowd of St. John people numbering a thousand or more to the wharf alongside, it was decided to have the third service in the open air. The exercises, consisting of hymns reverently sung by the great congregation; an eloquent and earnest address to the young by Rev. Mr. Bullard; the following pieces by the Band—"Old Hundred," "The Prayer from Der Freischutz," "The Elegy of Tears," "God Save the Queen;"—and a closing prayer; were exceedingly impressive. The multitude upon the shore evinced their respect for the day and for the occasion, in a manner so marked as to excite general comment. Not a single sound of rudeness marred the sacred hour.

Many of course attended church in the city at places suited to individual convictions and tastes. Not a few went to the Catholic Cathedral, attracted by the announcement that Bishop Sweeny would give some account of the

Ecumenical Council at Rome from which he has just returned, and by the rumor that the Brignoli troupe, now in the city, were to perform there Mozart's Twelfth Mass. Scores returned declaring that they distinctly recognized the great tenor's voice, and were ecstatic in praise of the music. No doubt it was good ; but alas for their ears, the St. John papers dispelled the illusion next morning by stating that the Signor did not sing. Baptist and Methodist churches predominate in the city, and—excepting the single Congregational society—contrary to what one would suppose, there are *least* Episcopal.

Your readers are aware that St. John was to be our objective point. But we have overshot, being induced to believe that it would never do to miss this opportunity of witnessing the scenery upon the river, and of visiting the Celestial city. Arrangements were therefore made with Mr. Reuben Lunt, the gentlemanly proprietor of the steamer Rothesay, the fastest and best upon the river, by which the excursionists could obtain tickets to Fredericton and back for one dollar, United States money ;—less than half fare. Conveyed by various vehicles, or going on foot, some two hundred and fifty of our party reached Indian-town, two miles distant, at eight o'clock on Monday morning, and embarked upon the steamer. A considerable company of St. John people, at least forty gentlemen with their wives and daughters, added themselves to our party and doubled our enjoyment all the way, not only by their

agreeable society, but also by indicating all points of interest and conveying much information. Of this number may be mentioned John March, Esq., editor of the Morning News, and reputed one of the best phonetic reporters upon the Continent ; T. V. Ellis, Esq., editor of the Evening Globe, strangely like the rebel Gen. Lee in countenance, but most unlike him in his political sympathies during the Great Rebellion ; a reporter for the Daily Telegraph ; Dr. Fisk ; Elder Garrity ; Lewis Carvel, Esq., General Superintendent of the European and North American Railway ; Rev. A. S. McKenzie, pastor of the Leinster Street Baptist Church ; and John R. Marshall, Chief of Police, who having no duties appertaining to his office to perform in such a company, gracefully discharged those of a fine old English gentleman.

Scarcely had we time for introductions and mutual greetings before the striking characteristics of the shore absorbed our attention. For several miles the river is confined narrowly between limestone rocks, somewhat resembling the Palisades upon the Hudson, while towering bluffs and bold headlands mark their grand outlines against the sky. Passing close under the snout of Boar's Head we emerge into a broad and beautiful expanse of water called Grand Bay. The same majestic scenery surrounds us but at a further remove. Here we cross the mouth of the first tributary from the East—the Kennebecacis river, *i. e.* the little Kennebec, noted for salmon and boat-racing. At the

head of Grand Bay comes in the Nerepis spanned by a bridge a mile and a quarter long, whose arches were visible to our glasses far down the Bay. Now we round Brundage's Point making almost a right angle. Every eye is strained and every glass is pointed to behold the **LONG REACH**. There it is, for eighteen miles stretching away, straight as a bee can fly, until it narrows to a silver thread! Along the Reach the banks are steep slopes, presenting frequent cultivated clearings. Near the head of the Reach, twenty-three miles from St. John, is Oak Point, with a light-house at its tip, a mere lamp-post with which every point or *forward* piece of land upon the St. John is extravagantly decorated by the munificence of the Dominion of Canada. Just above, we glide past Grassy Island, seemingly a mere surface of tall interval grass growing out of the water. Next we muse upon The Mistake, where a long landslip parallel with the banks and parting the river, tempted the first adventurers to the left hand course which terminates, after running a three mile rig, in a *cul-de-sac*—a pretty serious mistake. When will men “seek the *right* and pursue it?” Presently we pass Bellisle Bay extending on the right 12 miles inland and fringed with highly cultivated farms. Midway between St. John and Fredericton is Long Island, shaped like a crescent, and measuring from horn to horn three miles, with a width at the widest of a half-mile—a beautiful interval dotted with tall elms, across which as we look is seen the

line of bushes where winds an encircling arm of the river and in the background an amphitheatre of hills whose fronting slopes are covered with green fields and pretty farm-cottages. On the island itself is a marshy lake where in Autumn the ducks do congregate and sportsmen love to prowl. Opposite Long Island a narrow strait leads to Washedamoak Lake, twenty miles long.

And now leaving the wild and rugged scenery we enter upon the interval country. Far almost as the eye can pierce on either hand lie the smiling plains. The tall elms, the yet uncut grass waving in the breeze, the lights and shadows from the broken clouds, the varied tints of trees and grains and grasses, combine to produce a view, the loveliness of which is simply indescribable. Passing the head of Musquash Island, we spy opposite through the trees the Court House of Gagetown, the shire town of Queen's county. Just here the wind freshens, making us hold our hats on, but not preventing our exchanging salutes with the Grand Lake steamer as she flits by. Indeed, all along, we meet or overtake vessels laden with shingles, deal and hay. Over against Gagetown is the entrance to Grand Lake called the Jemseg, a creek so narrow that in some places two vessels cannot pass each other, and yet so deep that a good sized steamer ploughs safely through. It winds along between the interval and the highlands for four miles, to meet the Lake which is thirty miles long by six wide. Millions of logs annually float down the

Jemseg. From our hurricane deck one may see a fine sight: Jemseg, Grand Lake, Thoroughfare, Maquapit, Little Thoroughfare, and French Lake—all strung together like beads upon a string.

And now, one grand stretch of verdant interval on the left bank, and on the right intervals and hills interspersed, accompany us all the way to Fredericton—thirty miles. Off Grimross Island another steamer passes us, the third since we started. Our Blue-nose cousins shout, wave their hats and handkerchiefs, and we uproariously respond. Twenty-four miles from Fredericton, Ox and Major Islands divide the river into three channels. We take the right and approach the little parish of Sheffield. Here a boat hails us and we take on board Judge Fisher and Hon. W. H. Needham, of Fredericton—the latter, a veritable Jack Falstaff. Close by, the Chief of Police points out to me a magnificent farm running six miles back from the river on which his great grandfather, Samuel Upton, settled, coming from Salem in 1767. As we near Fredericton, for twenty miles beautiful farms and farm-houses peep out between rows of elms and shrubbery which border the banks. Twelve miles from Fredericton we pass Oromocto village, river and island. From here to the capital shifting phases of quiet beauty offer themselves to the eye in almost wearisome profusion. But the beauty as heretofore is of nature and not of art. One cannot help remarking that Americans would hardly be content with

this "nature unadorned." Stately summer residences would perch upon every bluff or look out from every glade. "We havn't the money," they say.

Our reception at Fredericton was very cordial. The wharves were thronged. Handkerchiefs fluttered from fair hands in every window. His Excellency, the Lieut. Governor, His Worship, the Mayor, the United States Consul and many citizens were in waiting with carriages. Presentations over, the whole party were invited to the Governor's residence, where a most delightful hour was divided between the elegant drawing-rooms and the charming gardens in the rear of the mansion. The Governor took each excursionist by the hand and presented each lady with a pink. There was little time to linger. A jovial Briton and myself seize a barouche and *elope* with two ladies. A whisk through the principal streets, a passing glance at the fine Cathedral, at the little and dingy Parliament Buildings, at the not palatial Queen's hotel, at the Methodist church with a huge hand pointing heavenward with its dexter finger from the steeple top, and we were up the hill, and through the birchen grove, and knocking for admittance at the University of New Brunswick. Dr. Jack, the President, soon appeared, and politely conducted us through the building. There was little to see within, except a good refracting telescope, a respectable museum, and some pretty hard looking dormitories. But the view from the roof of the portico, including the city directly in

front, around which the river bends in a long semi-circuit, the far off amphitheatre of hills, and the Nashwaak at whose mouth Latour built the first fort in Acadia, is magnificent indeed. The Doctor presents us a catalogue, we raise our hats, and our horse raises his feet in a mad race to the boat. We have spent two hours in Fredericton, and are ready to start again at 4 p. m. A greater throng than welcomed us shout good-bye, the city band strikes up, and ours replies as we cast off from shore. Our reception has been more enthusiastic than Prince Arthur's.

A cold, bracing wind made it glorious to promenade the deck on the downward sail. As it grew dark the company gathered within and listened to songs, readings, and excellent speeches. By 11 o'clock the Coits were home again upon their own boat, delighted with their trip.

Next morning many of our friends came on board to bid us farewell. His Worship, the Mayor, in a neat speech, bade us Godspeed and good bye. Our honored president, Mr. Geo. R. Peckham, called upon Mr. Mecorney to respond, which he did most felicitously. Capital speeches were also made by Mr. O. D. Wetmore, a Prince William Street Broker, and Mr. John Boyd of the London House. It was pleasant to hear Mr. Wetmore utter such sentiments as these: "No one now doubts that *your* forefathers were *right*," and "We claim a share in the heritage and in the name of George Washington." With three cheers or three times three, for the Queen, the President, the Mayor, the

Coits, the citizens of St. John, the lady excursionists, the pretty girls of St. John, and two or three "tigers," we steamed away from British soil, the Band playing "God save the Queen." "The Star Spangled Banner" followed hard after, however, and the wind blew it straight into our cousins' faces.

The wind blew high, and by the time we reached New River, where two tides meet, the condition of most of our party was woful enough. Frequent libations were made to Neptune over the rail. In the ladies' cabin things were in a general state of upheaval. Coits, for the first time, looked wretched.

"Man delights not me, no, nor woman neither," was in large type on scores of faces. Your correspondent meanwhile, deeply penetrated with the ludicrous phase of the scene, sat over-coated and alone upon the hurricane deck, experiencing only a sort of delicious intoxication.

We reached Eastport at last; fishing parties scattered over the Bay; cod and haddock enough for one breakfast were caught; a dance is in prospect this evening, and we start for Mount Desert at midnight.

Oh, these Eastport girls! — I mean — "Those evening Bell(e)s!" It is late and my mind wanders.

A. H. D.



AMERICAN HOUSE, BELFAST, ME., AUGUST 4, 1870.

ESTERDAY morning, just as the trumpet's flourish summoned us to breakfast, we hove in sight of Mt. Desert, and soon after landed in front of the Rockaway House, with full stomachs. Three hours was our allotted time — vexatiously short. Some of our party, including ladies, made directly for the Green Mountain House, situated upon the highest point of land. Half way up a glance was spared to Eagle Lake, deeply cradled in its rock bed. Toiling on, at length the summit is attained, 2000 feet above the sea. My pencil refuses to describe. Wordsworth's line is not too strong to utter, standing upon this lofty dome—

“Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!”

The view is bounded only by the power of vision. On one side islands, the white winged ships, and “old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,” on the other the rivers, lakes and villages of the far-off main. Ellsworth, the shire town of the county, forty miles away, is distinctly visible. I leave this party to get down as it can — jumping myself, in order to save time.

It is not far to The Pulpit, a rock structure, wonderfully suggestive of its name. At a little remove upon the beach stands Balance Rock, a mighty boulder, egg-shaped and poised nicely upon its tapered end. It looks to me

as if one might overturn it with the hand—a thing that “all the King’s oxen and all the King’s men” would sweat to do. By an extemporized ladder I clambered up his granite side,

“Perched and sat, and nothing more.”

Leaving the Spouting Horn, the Devil’s Oven, Cathedral Rock—belonging probably to his Worship’s diocese—and certain other awe-inspiring localities, to be “interviewed” at some future time, I took a comfortable seat in Mr. Dupee’s photographic tent and solaced myself with their “counterfeit presentment.” The pictures taken by this artist upon the spot, are admirably executed and deserve a place in every New Englander’s collection of stereoscopic views. Mt. Desert, as seen upon the map, is a ragged shred torn from the skirts of Hancock County. It contains about 200 square miles—being 18 miles long by 12 miles broad. It is divided into three nearly equal townships—Tremont and Eden right and left, and Mt. Desert through the centre. South West Harbor is in Tremont. Bar Harbor, our stopping place, and the favorite resort, is in Eden. Eden is a pretty village of some thrift, derived mainly of course, from the influx of summer visitors. There are, however, some 300 voters. The men fish and run a few indolent saw-mills. There are about thirty boarding-houses, with grand names, where board is dispensed, or *dispensed with*, at \$8 or \$10 a week, and eight

tasteful cottages for summer residence owned by gentlemen abroad. I noticed several of the latter with broad piazzas running quite round them, the pillars of which were simply tree-trunks from "the forest primeval," denuded of their bark and horrent with their amputated limbs. "Little Jane" would have no need here, to "run up the lane to hang her clothes a-drying."

On the east of Mt. Desert is Frenchman's Bay; the west is washed by the waters of Union River. Bar Harbor takes its name from a sand-bar at its head, across which the high tide sweeps, but along which at low water one may walk or drive to Bar Island. The cosy harbor is protected by forbidding names. The Cat watches at the mouth and the four Porcupines round up their bristling backs in line along the sea-ward side. Coming away, we take a long look at Schooner Head in the distance, where nature, in frolic mood, has painted upon the smooth and perpendicular rock the perfect similitude of a little vessel — hull, bowsprit, masts and sails complete.

A fine sail brings us to Bangor, with which, our party were greatly delighted — especially admiring, as they must, its clean streets and elegant architecture. This city is well worth a long letter, but I do not forget that we are nearing home, and viewing objects with which your readers are mostly familiar. Belfast detains us about a couple of hours, and I glean nothing worthy of record about it. Castine, opposite, contains an old fort and is rich in historic asso-

ciations. The fact that I taught a winter's school there when a mere boy, seventeen years ago, forms no part of the history to which I allude. The truth is we are at length gorged with sight seeing, and like Macbeth, though with somewhat different feelings, we are ready to exclaim, "I'll see no more!"

A. H. D.



WORCESTER, AUGUST 8, 1870.

Y last letter left the Coits at Belfast, homeward bound. Creeping cautiously through the fog, we just miss running down one of the schooners, which show themselves to our curious gaze like phantoms or spirit photographs as we pass along, and about 6 p. m. reach Rockland, our stopping place for the night.

Rockland has a population of near 8,000. It contains two fine hotels, and, in spite of its dirt, gives the impression of wholesome growth. Its business is lime manufacture, fishing and farming. It can make lime enough to plaster and whitewash all creation. The limestone runs in a straight vein for nearly two miles — a half-mile wide. This area is honey-combed with quarries, one of which has

been worked for seventy years and seems yet as imperishable as the liver of Prometheus. To convert the stone into lime, nothing is necessary but a tremendous baking. Six hours "between two fires" hot as wood and Pictou coal can make, are too much for the volatile nature of Mistress Carbonic Acid, and she therefore flies to cooler embraces, leaving her lord to perish alone.

"Alas for the rarity
Of Christian charity
Under the sun."

Few unions, indeed, could stand so fiery an ordeal. The deserted partner, "pale as his shirt," is now quickly dragged forth, breaks down under a few buffets, is tumbled into a cask, and finally emerges, without faith in human or other kind, and becomes the companion of "perfect bricks" forever.

It is hardly necessary to say that the process is a *kiln*-ing one. Of patent kilns there are forty-four in operation; a few only of the old-fashioned sort. Using the latter, the fire must be allowed to go out after each burning. In the furnaces of the former, night and day it is ever burning like the fire of Vesta. Each kiln produces 110 casks of lime a week, worth on the average about \$1.25 a cask in Boston.

A few additional facts and figures may interest your readers. To run one kiln two men are required at the quarry to blast the rock; two to cart it, a mile or more;

two at the kiln to attend to the burning ; one to fill and head up the cask ; and two more to put it on board the vessel. Thus it would appear that about 500 men find employment in this special branch of industry. The worker of the quarry pays to its owner, on each cask of lime, 25 cents for the stone ; 10 cents for carting ; 30 cents for the cask ; and for shipment to Boston, in summer, 15 cents—in winter, 30 cents. To this must be added labor not included above, at the rate of \$2.00 a day. It will not surprise you, I think, when I say 10 cents a cask is regarded good profit. But who wouldn't like to *own* a quarry, and have his "pile of rocks" carted off to the tune of twenty five cents a barrel ! A pretty good riddance to old rubbish ! Here, as elsewhere, it seems, a few favored mortals are

— "ful mery and wel at ese,"

while the multitude

— "fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life."

Rockland — I shudder to relate — is doomed to a mournful pre-eminence among all the cities we visited. It came near being the scene of a tragedy. The victim was a little fellow who had been enticed away from home and kindred at St. John by one of our own number, a youth not much older than himself. The stranger's winning ways and orphaned condition soon won most hearts. A few jealous eyes shot sinister glances. But who could guess

the foul intent! "In the dead waist and middle of the night" as we lay at Rockland, some wretch—"O *limèd* soul"—stole tip-toe to this infant's bed whence issued little homesick sobs, clutched its delicate frame and sent it whirling to a watery grave. I do not wish to *dog-matize*; but what better evidence of a special Providence do you want than that this passion-blinded assassin flung his victim in the wrong direction! The bruised innocent was taken up from the wharf in the morning by a passing laborer, tenderly cared for and restored to his friends, who in a burst of sympathy and affection bestowed upon him the immortal name of "Coit." Wearing that proud appellation, well may he forbear to ferret out the Cain-ine individual, to whom he owes it.

At the social meeting in the evening, the Mayor of the city, the local Editor, and other citizens present, gave us a kindly greeting and urged a longer stay. But home drew now like a magnet, and Friday morning saw us on our way to Portland. At 11 o'clock A. M., in accordance with a vote passed the previous evening, the whole company assembled in the saloon to listen to the report of the Committee on Resolutions. The Chairman of that committee, A. H. Davis, Esq., then read the preamble and resolutions:

* * * * *

The resolutions were heartily adopted. Brief responses having been made by Mr. Mecorney for the committee, and by other gentlemen referred to for themselves, it was voted

that a copy of the resolutions be sent to the editors of papers in the places visited.

We reached Portland at 4 p. m. Mayor Kingsbury visited us in the evening and pronounced upon us his official benediction, in his own eloquent way. A purse of \$60 was presented in appropriate portions to the head cook, head-waiter, and two stewardesses, whose gratified surprise it was pleasant to see. The trumpeter, whose cheery notes had summoned us to meals, received a silver testimonial. But the pleasantest recollection, perhaps, of the whole trip, centers in the presentation by the committee of an elegant silver pitcher and salver, to Captain Pike, whom we had all come to regard in almost a paternal relation. The good man's words were few. It had been "the pleasantest trip of his life." He could not keep back the tears. Who of us will forget the noble Captain!

Saturday morning found us nearing Boston. We ate our last breakfast together upon the *New Brunswick*, rallied around the Captain and took him by the hand once more; then stepped ashore with elastic step, the ladies bringing new roses in their cheeks—and I wonder how many and what new things in their trunks; the gentlemen trim as bridegrooms, with "chins newly reaped" by the skillful hand of our tonsorial artist, Peter V. Johnson.

At precisely one o'clock, p. m., the Coit Excursion moved out of the Worcester depot. I need not say how happy we all were at thought of the near homes; how heartily

we blessed the Band as still leading us, it gave us once more in fine style the "Coit March," expressly composed for us by our talented musical townsman, S. R. Leland, Esq.; nor how cordially we said many a good-bye coupled with the wish to meet again under like circumstances.

A. H. D.

LETTERS

Originally published in the Worcester Daily Spy.



PORLAND, ME., JULY 27, 1870.

I HOPE your readers will not become tired and sick of hearing about the "Coits." We are truly a great institution. Of course you have told the people that we left Worcester yesterday with full ranks and flying colors. We certainly had no reason to call for more recruits. We number about three hundred and twenty-five, besides our ship's crew. We intended taking only three hundred; but so pressing was the call for tickets that we couldn't say no; and the result is we are somewhat thick, especially about bedtime. We have always had the name of being a quiet, orderly, good-natured set of people, and I can assure you we shall lose nothing of that reputation in this our third annual trip. We have a most excellent company—we could not wish a better. We have started in for a "good time;" thus far it has been fully realized.

Our trip over the Boston and Albany railroad was quick, to say the least. We are indebted to them for gentlemanly treatment and reduced fare. We made some little staring

and caused some excitement as we marched through the streets to the wharf. I suppose the soul-stirring strains of our Worcester Brass Band were the cause of it all. We find thus far that a band of music is a great addition to our real enjoyment, besides giving the people a rich treat where we go.

About twenty of the Bostonians joined our party on our arrival at the wharf. We found the owners and agents of the boat company real gentlemen, and disposed to do everything in their power to make our trip pleasant and profitable on both sides.

At 12:30 we left Commercial Wharf, with flags flying and band playing. The scenery down the harbor was delightful, and the cool breeze was refreshing to us, who had for days been sweltering in the dust and heat. O, how we did snuff it in! Two and a half hours' sail brought us into Gloucester — that town of old renown — not a very enterprising town, yet filled with good, sturdy, honest people. A large number of people are here enjoying the good sea breeze. About the only excitement here, at the present time, is making arrangements for the great centennial celebration of the Universalist denomination, which is to be about the middle of September next.

Here is where the Rev. John Murray preached Universalism; here his first settlement was made. This is also the first settlement of any minister of the denomination in the United States. One hundred years ago next September is

to make the hundred years since Murray proclaimed that doctrine to the people of our State; of course this is the year of jubilee to the people of that denomination. A cordial reception will doubtless be given to all the people who assemble at that time.

Our time in this town was spent in seeing the sights, bathing, and learning how they catch halibut, and how it is cured, salted, iced, sent off, and so forth. We learned something about the way they cure smoked halibut.

The fresh fish they put into ice, or put ice into it, and send it to the cities and towns; this after it has been caught several weeks. The doubtful, and that is the portion that begins to look black and smell, they send off to get it smoked; then the poor fellows eat it down with a good relish. This is our summer food. I get this information from the men who pack and send it to the smoke houses. I hope that I shall not hurt the fish trade in market. The price of halibut here is four and a half cents for choice pieces. We pay only a small profit at home. Enough about fish.

We left Gloucester for Portland at 11 p. m., after many of us had been "bunked" for the night. Of course, no little anxiety was manifested about where and how all the party were to be provided for; but our friend the steward, Glazier, with coat and hat off was busy arranging extra beds, bedding, and curtains; as usual, the old flag was put to the use of protecting the ladies from the impudent gaze of

the other sex. Considering it was the first night, the arrangements were all that could be reasonably wished.

We arrived in Portland about 7 o'clock this morning. A most delightful morning air, fresh and pure. We are having a fine time viewing the city. We leave for Bath this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

W. M.



EASTPORT, ME., JULY 29, 1870.

N the hurry to get my first letter mailed from Portland, I neglected to say many things that I might have said. Our short stay in Portland was very pleasant. The day was charming, the air pure and bracing, the sea breezes invigorating. Our party improved the time to the best advantage in sight-seeing. I think that the scenery in and around Portland cannot be excelled in the United States; in fact those who have traveled much on this and on the other continent, have decided that the scenery in Portland is unequalled. The many beautiful islands that dot the harbor are also attractive. It is computed that no less than three hundred and sixty-five of these islands can be seen between Portland and Bath.

The people of Portland are noted for their hospitality; they certainly proved such to our party; they seemed to take pleasure in pointing out the places of interest. They may well take pride in introducing strangers to their lovely city. They still are feeling the sad effects of the great fire four years ago. It hardly seems possible that so many acres could have been burned over.

Now we see some of the finest and most stately buildings erected on the spot of the ruins. The new post office building, of Vermont marble, is a most beautiful specimen of architecture. The City hall is an elegant building; having a hall that I had to say was a little ahead of our Mechanics hall. I am sorry to say this, for we have prided ourselves that we had the best in the country. So delighted were our party with the people and the place, that they desired to linger a while longer; but at the time of leaving, 2 p. m. of Wednesday, we hurried on board our steamer to feast our eyes on the sights that were so beautiful from the harbor. Our sail from Portland to Bath was one of the most charming and delightful I ever experienced. Portland harbor is one of the finest in the world; and to have such a day as we had, for such an excursion, truly was a rich treat for us all; and most fully did we enjoy it. The trip to Bath, I do think, was far ahead of what we had in going up the Hudson river last year.

We reached Bath at six p. m. Here we staid until four o'clock the next morning, when we took our departure for

Eastport. While in Bath we improved our time, as usual, in seeing the noted places in and around the town. There are not many remarkable places here. It is a small, quiet place, of about eight thousand inhabitants. The situation of the place is rather pleasant, being a little elevated from the river. We did not see many very beautiful buildings, either public or private, but all seemed to be built with an eye to rigid economy, with a desire on the part of the proprietors to live within their means. The people here are of that good old-fashioned sort that we usually find in such a place. They were willing to show us all the buildings of note they had, which were their post office, built of granite, and a new Methodist church nearly completed, built of wood, a fine-looking church about the model of that built by our Methodist friends in New Worcester.

The sail to Eastport, one hundred and seventy-five miles, was also much enjoyed, and at seven p. m. we anchored at the dock at Eastport. It was delightful, and I make no attempt to describe the trip. One universal exclamation was, "O how delightful and charming this is!" As yet not a sea-sick person has been seen. We were told many times a day, for a week before we left home, that we should "all be sea-sick," that it was "a terrible rough coast," "dangerous, unpleasant voyage," "rickety steamer," and all such things. We may yet experience it all, but thus far we have had only cause for joy and thankfulness. We are now in Eastport, near the "jumping off place" of

Uncle Sam's dominions. It is quite a smart place, of about five thousand inhabitants; the buildings are rather plain and ordinary; the inhabitants are intelligent, industrious, and good livers, though by no means extravagant.

Here is the old "Fort Sullivan" of revolutionary time; a rather queer-looking place. It is situated on a high elevation, overlooking the harbor, and from the spot you get a fine view of the surrounding country for miles away. The fort is hard to describe, but one of the boys of our party spoke out on his arrival, on looking up to the building: "Here," he said, "is a hen-house." I don't know that I can add to that description. It is a square wooden building, with two tiers of port-holes large enough to put the muzzle of a shot-gun through. I thought to myself that this "hen-house" would stand a poor chance against the shot and shell of some of the iron clads of the present. But these are times of peace, and this fort with its fifty men to guard it, will answer all purposes. On the arrival of our steamer at this place, we were greeted by the appearance of nearly all the inhabitants of the town. They came, men, women and children, at the top of their speed, to the wharf. We stared, they stared, and we all stared at each other; we surprised them, and they surprised us. After a mutual stare we took supper, and they still lingered.

We were informed of a great event to take place in the evening — the *élite* of the place were to have a magnificent ball. At about ten o'clock we, the "Coits," with our

most excellent band of music, marched up to the hall, and gave them a serenade. They were delighted at this courtesy from us, and invited us all into the hall, where we had the pleasure of beholding the beauty and intelligence of the town. They were very fine-looking people. Our band have added to their laurels since we left home; the music has added greatly to our enjoyment.

We are all well, with good appetites and plenty of good food to satisfy them. We also sleep well when we get fairly at it. I think many of the party ought to sleep well, for they pay for it dearly. Our "state-rooms" were sold at auction, as usual, and, as usual, they brought extravagant prices. Thirty-two rooms sold for \$1,109, and it was cheerfully paid. The berths of our steamer are remarkably good, and are satisfactory to our party. We stay here in Eastport until to-morrow morning, (Saturday), when we leave for St. John, N. B., where we shall spend the Sabbath, and probably two or three days more. This place is something of a summer resort. The Passamaquoddy House is a new house and well kept; the price of board is two and a half to three dollars per day. We were obliged to have on our overcoats all day yesterday and to-day, and we are a little chilly at that.

I shall write again at St. John, where we shall be under the protection of the queen, and not amenable to the government of the United States.

W. M.



ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 30, 1870.

DATED my last letter in Eastport, Me. As I wrote it in the fore part of the day, I could not give you all I wished in that letter about that place. We made quite a stop there, staying over two nights. The only stormy weather we have had was during the time here. It rained quite hard during the day ; and we had a chance of seeing and feeling one of those fogs we have heard about. As we were safely anchored, we cared but little about it. In fact it was just the kind of day we wanted, for one of the chief objects of our stay here was to give our party a chance to fish ; and well did they improve it. Their luck was good ; for they came in with bushels of the very best kinds. We cooked *two hundred pounds* for our breakfast ; and still we had a "pile" more for another meal. We made a very favorable introduction to the people of Eastport by giving a serenade to a dancing party in the evening. This party was made up of the *elite* of the place. After our band had played some of their sweet strains, all were invited into the hall, where they received the congratulations of those present. On the next evening of our stay here, some of our party hired the same hall and invited the whole town to join in a social "hop." I rather think nearly all accepted the invitation, for it was something of a jam. It was very much enjoyed by all present. The praises of the people

of Eastport for our band knew no bounds. We were told by them, that if we would stop on our return, all the carriages and boats of the place should be at our command, without money or price. Our stay was made very pleasant.

Early in the morning of Saturday, or to-day, we set sail for this place. The fog had not fairly cleared away, yet it did not impede our sail. We found a little more rough sea than we had in the former part of our journey, but not enough to produce much sea-sickness. We stood it out bravely, and ate our rations as usual, which, by the way, is not very slow. Our cook, who is a veteran in the art, says that he never yet has seen the people that could eat quite as much as we. I can speak for one that I am astonished at my own appetite, for it is not usually small, but now it is tremendous. We can afford to have good appetites, for we find provisions cheap this way. In Eastport they sell beef 13 cents per pound ; lamb, 9 cents ; butter, as good as was ever tasted, 30 cents ; eggs, 22 cents per dozen ; pease, \$1.50 per bushel ; fish can be had in abundance by the catching. Who would not eat ? In this place prices are still lower. If we do not have to pay duty on what we eat or have eaten we shall make a good thing by coming this route.

We arrived in this city this morning about eight o'clock. We were pleased with the looks of the city as we neared its harbor. The people were out to greet us and hear the

music. It was amusing to see the people on the run from every part of the city to take a look at us Yankees. They all expect to reap a harvest from us, as we were supposed to have plenty of money. We very easily became acquainted with the people; for they were all ready to show us about the city—tell of its worth and beauty. It truly has many attractions; the scenery is very fine from many stand-points. The buildings are not of that costly style that we see in the States. This city is not an old city, yet it has that appearance. Quite a large amount of shipping is done here, and many ships are built here. The lumber business is very extensive here. There are many very large dry goods stores here, which do a very large amount of business. The people are very friendly and hospitable. I was truly happily disappointed in regard to the place. Most of our party visited the dry goods establishments and priced the goods. Gloves were the principal articles purchased. I think in that line the stores must have been nearly cleaned out. It would be an object to purchase dry goods here provided we could get clear of duty, and our greenbacks were worth more than eighty-two cents on the dollar. Our people were cautioned, by our good Captain Pike, against making purchases of silks, &c., as there might be trouble for us at the custom house. This caution saved our money and disappointed the anxious and uniformly attentive merchants. Our party attracted much attention as they

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spread themselves over the city. The Mayor made us a visit and took dinner with us; offered us any favors we might ask.

This evening, as usual, we held on board one of our social meetings. Addresses were made by several prominent men of the city. They were hearty, and were heartily applauded. Among the speakers were O. D. Wetmore, Esq., who is a very prominent temperance man; treasurer of the National Division Sons of Temperance in the United States and British Provinces. His speech was well received. We had also Dr. Fisk, Mr. Marsh and Mr. Woodman, who were well received. We have as one of our party that noble veteran in the Sabbath school cause, Rev. Asa Bullard, of Boston. He is quite an addition and help to us. Also we have a distinguished reader in the person of H. H. Lincoln, Esq., of Boston. Our chaplain, Rev. J. V. Osterhout, is winning golden opinions, and discharges his duty to general acceptance.

The citizens here are very much pleased at our coming among them. We are in every nook and corner of the city and its environs. I think among three hundred and twenty-five of us we shall see about all there is to be seen in this place. It certainly it worth a visit. There were many places of interest in the immediate vicinity of the city. Among them is the extensive bridge over the St. John river near the rapids. I have often heard the remark, and it is a proverb, that water won't run up hill;

I have just seen the place wher it does. Near the above bridge the tide sets up so strong that it forces the water back, so that it resembles the rapids above Niagara falls. The tides here are wonderful, they rise and fall from 30 to 70 feet. Since our steamer has lain at the wharf we have had to change our "gang plank" several times a day. Sometimes we put it on the hurricane deck; then we change it to the lower deck. It is hard getting the hang of the boat so as to know where to enter or retire. This is quite strange to us Yankees.

W. M.

ST. JOHN, N. B., JULY 31, 1870.



THE day has been one of the most lovely that we have had since we left our homes. The air is pure and bracing; cool, and quite comfortable. The sea breezes give strength and vigor to our physical frames. For the credit of our party at home and abroad, let me say that they have, as a general thing, attended church during the day and evening. At nine this morning we held services in our saloon on board the steamer. Our worthy chaplain conducted the services. We had an excellent

choir of singers; in fact I might say that we are all singers; we do sing, whether it is right or wrong.

Our chaplain preached a most excellent sermon to us this morning. He took for his text Joshua, 2d chap., part of 21st verse: "And she bound the scarlet line in the window." After a thorough explanation of the text, he drew forth the principle deduced from this history. Faith and works was the subject. 1. Implicit faith. 2. Abiding faith. 3. A saving faith. Each of the these points was well illustrated; made plain to his hearers, and of practical import. It was listened to by a large and appreciative audience.

After the services on board, we scattered for other churches. There are many churches here, but none of what we call the "Liberal faith." The old-fashioned orthodox faith of forty years ago, in Massachusetts, is now preached here. The great attraction to-day was the Catholic cathedral. Bishop Sweeney has just returned from Rome, where he has been to make a poor mortal infallible. This being the first Sabbath since his arrival, as a matter of course the cathedral would be crowded. Many of our party turned their steps to this place. The most I hear about the services is that there was a great jam.

There are some distinguished preachers here, but not having a chance to hear them, I cannot judge. I have heard only four sermons to-day. We have held an evening service on board; the preacher was the Rev. Asa Bullard,

of Boston. His remarks were interesting. His subject was the wonders of the Bible. His illustrations were of the most practical character. We held a meeting on the upper deck, in order to accommodate the great multitude who thronged the wharf. I think I understate the number when I say that there were five thousand of the citizens of this city gathered to see and hear what was to be said and done. They were very orderly and gave the best attention. After the services they quietly returned to their homes.

The city to-day has been more quiet than any I have ever seen; and yet it is no more so to-day than usual on a Sunday. The horse cars do not run; hardly a carriage of any kind is to be seen in the streets. I think some of our cities in the States might take pattern of some in the queen's dominions. It is remarkable what a veneration is had for Victoria. The man who should say a word against her majesty, would need to pack his goods and leave. There is no mistake, she is worthy of her people.

I promised to make this short; I must therefore close that you may get it before we return. It takes a long while to get letters and papers to us at this place. Our party seem greatly disappointed since their arrival here in not finding letters and papers from loved ones at home. To-morrow morning we hire another steamer, and take one of the most magnificent trips up the St. John River to

Fredericton, the capital of the province of New Brunswick.

W. M.



EASTPORT, AUGUST 2, 1870.

We are now on our homeward-bound trip. Monday our party, or about 250 of them, took the steamer *Rochford*, of St. John, for a trip to Fredericton, the capital of the Province of New Brunswick. The distance is ninety-two miles. The fare to and from one dollar each. About twenty-five of the most distinguished men of the city of St. John accompanied us on this delightful trip to point out the places of interest to us. I find myself utterly unable to give you even a faint idea of the beauty of the scenery of this river. I don't know how even to commence the description. Let me here mention the Hudson river, as many of our people are familiar with its grandeur and beauty. We thought last year that nothing could eclipse that; but without exaggeration the scenery on the St. John river far exceeds the Hudson. I of course mean the natural scenery. There is more variety to it; the many islands, the many streams flowing into it, the beauti-

ful back-grounds, the great variety of hill and valley, are all so charming and varied that the picture is complete. Besides, the fertility of the soil adds much to its beauty and grandeur. For about forty miles the scenery is varied; the other fifty miles of the journey presents more of a level appearance, with a back-ground that is mountainous. The inhabitants on the river are scattered. There are very few villages, and those are very spare in population. The houses are very small and inferior, most are one-story, and some a story and a half high, very few of them painted. Now and then you see Indian wigwams dotted along the shore. All there is of beauty is what nature has lavished upon the shores, with here and there an island dotting the river. The business is farming on a small scale, and lumbering on a large scale. The lumber business on this river is probably carried on to a greater extent than anywhere else in the States or Provinces. Rafts of lumber are met at every turn. Saw-mills are often seen, doing an immense business. I should judge that some here employ hundreds of hands sawing lumber for the States and Provinces.

Our journey up this river was the most sublime and grand of anything we have witnessed since we left our home. There was one universal shout of praise from all lips. When within twenty miles of Fredericton we were met by a delegation from that city, consisting of an ex-Mayor, a Sheriff and Judge. On arriving we were met by

an immense concourse of people. The officials of the city as well as the province extended to us the hospitalities of the city, and invited us all to visit the Lieutenant Governor of the Province ; of course, we all accepted the invitation. Our band took the lead, and the common people marched, while the more distinguished of our party rode ; some with the Mayor, some with the American Consul, others with the Governor, officials, &c. The people of the city came into line, and thus we started for the headquarters of the Provincial Government.

On our arrival we were met by the Lieutenant Governor, and received a most cordial welcome to his house, or palace, and also to the beautiful grounds that surrounded it. We were told that they are in the real English style. We have not as yet seen anything at home that we can compare with them. We could but admire the governor, for he is a very candid, genial, talented and social gentleman. We can also say the same of all the officials whom we met. They could hardly do enough to make pleasant our short stay among them. We had only about two hours to stay, and, of course, we had to hurry up. When we returned to our steamer, the people all followed, as well as the distinguished officials. They also brought with them the military band of the city, to make the parting pleasant. The bands played, the people shouted ; all distinguished men and the queen, received the loud hurrahs. Again we set sail for the city of St. John ; wondering why such a

grand reception was given us by these good people. Many of the people, in carriages, followed us down the river for miles, waving their white handkerchiefs. We did not feel disposed to quarrel or discuss the government, or the people of John Bull's dominions after such hearty demonstrations of hospitality.

As we had "viewed the landscape o'er," in ascending the river, we did not feel so enthusiastic on our return. We therefore made speeches, and sang songs, to fill up the time. We had some most excellent speeches from the distinguished gentlemen from St. John who accompanied us.

We reached our place of starting about eleven P. M., somewhat tired after so much sight-seeing and excitement. We left St. John this morning about ten o'clock, after a very hard rain of about three hours; not, however, until we had received a large number of distinguished individuals of St. John, who came to bid us good-bye, and make to us some noble speeches. His Honor, Mayor Thos. M. Reed, made a most excellent speech; it was responded to by your correspondent. Our good friend, O. D. Wetmore, Esq., made one of his best speeches. This gentleman has been untiring in his efforts to make our stay pleasant. So has also Mr. March, one of the editors of the St. John *Telegraph*, Dr. Fiske, and a host of others that might be named. The papers here have given daily columns to speak of our doings. We have truly been

highly favored since we landed on British shores. It will make us love our mother country all the more. We did feel as though we would like to tarry a little longer; yet the old stars and stripes are just as dear as ever to us. We love our native land the best, yet we would like to annex the part we have just visited.

The rest of my letter is not so pleasant, for we have just passed through that great trial, "sea-sickness." I am writing this letter with the delightful (?) feeling still lingering. If you should find it badly composed lay it all to this. We had a forlorn-looking set for a few hours. But our treasurer, Wheeler, had the pleasure of administering a full half-barrel of gruel to us. We are getting over it now, and we shall be able to soon make up for what we have lost. Our stewards, Glazier and Thomas W. Davis, are unceasing in their labors to supply our physical wants. They are just now the most important part of our institution; we fully appreciate their labors.

We are having some glorious evening meetings in our saloon. The speakers and singers are abundant. I could give a long list of names, but space is wanting.

We go to-night at twelve o'clock to Mt. Desert, stay a few hours, then to Bangor.

W. M.



WORCESTER, AUGUST 6, 1870.

AVING completed our summer voyage, and received the glad greetings of our friends at home, I will briefly describe the scenes and events of the closing days of our journey. After writing my last, we made a run to Mt. Desert, landing at Bar Harbor. The attractions of this place, so well known now as a summer resort, have been too often and too well described for my pen to attempt the task. Leaving this island, the gem of all those that fringe the coast of Maine, with its four hundred summer visitors enjoying the mingled beauties of mountain and ocean, we steamed away on our course to Bangor.

Although untold beauty had been witnessed in the scenery along the St. John River, the grandeur that met our eyes, as we went up the river toward Bangor, seemed even to surpass what we had seen before. The combined beauty of the hill, valley, cliff and forest passed like a grand panorama, leaving a picture on the mind's vision, more beautiful than the skilled hand of the artist dare attempt to imitate, a picture never to be forgotton by the "Coits." Bangor was found to be the most beautiful city that we had seen on our trip, and all expressed much surprise, although, owing — as the citizens stated — to lack of sufficient notice of our visit, no "grand demonstration" awaited us, still we found that same cordial hospitality that had characterized the inhabitants of the cities previously visited.

All the attractions of the place were pointed out by our hosts, and our stay was extremely pleasant. Our company scattered themselves over the city, enjoying the variety of pleasure offered as personal tastes might dictate. Some of our number made the acquaintance of the citizens, others walked the streets to view the fine residences — one of the finest being that of Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, and others still visited the theatre, to witness the matchless acting of Lucille Western. Altogether, our stop at Bangor was one of the most pleasant of all the pleasant visits of our journey. The next morning, we loosed from our moorings at Bangor and went down the river to Belfast.

From there we went to Rockland, where we tarried over night. Rockland is noted for its many lime-kilns and quarries, which is the principal business. Last year one and a quarter millions of barrels of lime were shipped from this city of six thousand inhabitants. There is nothing attractive in the place — neither the scenery, public or private buildings; great, huge black lime-kilns stare you in the face whichever way you turn your eyes. The lime-stone is found in great abundance at quarries a mile or more from the village. One quarry, I was told, had been worked for seventy years, and yet the yield was inexhaustible. The process of turning this stone into lime is very simple. It is placed between two fires, and after a few hours, drops down, is hauled out, broken up, put into casks, and is ready for market.

At nine o'clock Friday morning we started again for Portland, arriving about three p. m. We again visited some of the places of note of that city, and in the evening we held the last social meeting of our party. The mayor of Portland, Judge Kingsbury, made a hearty speech of welcome. We were right glad to take by the hand this noble specimen of humanity. When nominated for the office, he took in his hand a glass of cold water and lifting it up said to his friends, "that if he was elected as their mayor, it would be run on that beverage." And he is doing his duty in carrying out that pledge.

At the request of our President, George R. Peckham, the writer of this was called upon to respond. It certainly gave me pleasure to take by the hand such a man, and try in my feeble way to express the gratitude the people of Massachusetts felt to the people of Maine, for their leadership in originating and enforcing what is called the "Maine law." Speeches were made by a number of gentlemen from Portland; all feeling rejoiced at our complete success as excursionists.

During the evening Capt. S. H. Pike, of our steamer, was presented with a splendid silver ice pitcher and salver. The presentation speech was made by H. H. Lincoln, Esq., of Boston, one of the party. It was well and handsomely done. Captain Pike being taken entirely by surprise, and his feelings completely overcome, begged that some one would come forward and make his speech for him. None

came to the rescue, and the noble man through tears thanked the Coits for their remembrance. The party were like children leaving the parental home.

Rev. Mr. Bullard, in behalf of the excursionists, presented Hiram W. Batcheller, the cornet player, a silver creamer and salver, in consideration of his extra duty in calling the party to their meals during the trip, for which Mr. Batcheller expressed his thanks in a happy manner.

On Saturday morning following, another meeting was held, at which the following resolutions were read by the Chairman of the Committee, A. H. Davis, Esq., the popular Principal of our High School :

WHEREAS, The Coit Excursion of 1870, now nearly ended, has been a great success, far exceeding our expectations, therefore,

1. *Resolved*, That our heartfelt thanks are, first of all, due to the overruling Providence, which has kept watch and ward over us upon the sea and upon the land, holding us in His hand untouched by any calamity, and now restoring us, invigorated in mind and body, to the homes we love.

2. *Resolved*, That every Coit Excursionist owes a debt of gratitude to the Committee of Arrangements for the thorough and satisfactory manner in which they have discharged their gratuitously assumed and onerous duties, enabling this great company, throughout its tour, to enjoy the comforts of home at a trifling expense.

3. *Resolved*, That this excursion party will not soon forget the kindly care and fraternal feeling manifested by Capt. Pike, the able and gentlemanly commander of the steamer *New Brunswick*, or the hearty co-operation of his associated officers.

4. *Resolved*, That the head-cook, the head-waiter, stewards, and other employes of the boat, deserve our kind remembrance in consideration of their faithful services.

5. *Resolved*, That Henry Glazier and Thomas W. Davis, our energetic stewards, merit and receive our faithful thanks, in view of the admirable provision daily made by them promotive of the comfort, health and happiness of the party.

6. *Resolved*, That the Worcester Brass Band, T. C. Richardson, leader, has contributed greatly to our enjoyment, and won for itself new laurels, and a fame on both American and British soil.

7. *Resolved*, That to Rev. J. V. Osterhout, and to Rev. Asa Bullard, acting chaplains for the excursion, we are greatly indebted for the decorum and high moral tone, which their presence has inspired.

8. *Resolved*, That to H. H. Lincoln, Esq., thanks are due for the zest his fine readings has lent to our social entertainments.

9. *Resolved*, That Mr. and Mrs. Maynard and others comprising our choir, have imparted vivacity and good cheer to our social gatherings by the excellent piano music and songs which have enlivened all our way.

10. *Resolved*, That we are grateful to Drs. Schofield and Forbes, for professional services, and delicate attentions cheerfully rendered.

11. *Resolved*, That we tender our thanks to the International Steamship Company and its agents, for their successful efforts, made even beyond the contract, to insure the comfort and safety of our party.

12. *Resolved*, That we take home with us pleasant memories of places visited, and still pleasanter ones of many friends with which those places are associated; and that we shall esteem it a high privilege to respond, at any time, to the cordial receptions given us, by a like extension of civilities.

We arrived in Boston this morning at 7:30. We tarried until 1 P. M.; then, taking the cars, reached home about 3 P. M. Thus ends another of those Coit excursions. That it has been a decided success, no one can doubt, who has had the pleasure of the trip.

We left Boston with a company of more than three

hundred and twenty-five, beside the crew of the steamer, all working together for the best interests of the whole. A majority of our company were ladies. We had representatives from seven States of the Union; forty towns and cities, Worcester having the largest number—there being one hundred and sixty-three from the city. Webster had the next highest number, seventeen; Shrewsbury and Northboro, ten each. We have traveled over twelve hundred miles by land and water, visited nearly twenty towns and cities; been absent from home twelve days; not an accident happened; not a mar, nor a jar to disturb us; all pleased, happy, and full of enjoyment; anxious for the year to roll around that the experiment may be repeated the next year, if life and health shall permit.

A committee was chosen, before we separated, to have a book printed that should contain the names of the party, the places visited, correspondence and other matters of interest.

We have often been asked, if this excursion is an improvement on former excursions of this party. We say emphatically, yes. First, because the experience of its managers makes the work easier and more systematic; second, the route has been more pleasant and better adapted to the season of the year; third, taking with us that most excellent band of music, our Worcester Brass Band, has added very greatly to our enjoyment, as well as aided in giving us a happy introduction to the people where we

have visited. From all lips has come this one compliment, that it was one of the best they have had. An excursion like this again would not be thought of without a band of music. Here we ought to thank S. R. Leland, Esq., of our city, for composing a grand march and dedicating it to the "Coits," naming it the "Coit March." It is very fine and appropriate, and will be the favorite march while the "Coits" shall continue their organization.

We trust we have left a good name behind, that shall be a sign of welcome should we again visit the shores of Maine or New Brunswick. We found warm and hearty friends whenever, and wherever, we made a stopping place; we hope that friendship may long continue.

Thus ends the Excursion of 1870.

W. M.

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WHAT WAS SAID OF US.

From the Rockland (Me.) Press.

THE COIT EXCURSIONISTS.

THE mammoth party of tourists, organized and known as the "Coit Excursionists," visited our city on Thursday evening of last week. It is composed of about 325 persons,—men, women and children,—the larger portion of whom are from Worcester, the headquarters of the organization, but embracing many from Boston, Springfield, and other Massachusetts towns. The only purpose of their association is, as we understand it, to carry out pleasure tours in the summer season, when weary hands and heads need respite from their accustomed application and to be recreated by the sea breezes and the pure air wafted from field and forest along the New England coast or adjacent to its beautiful rivers.

Our citizens who made the acquaintance of the party, were much gratified to find it composed of intelligent, sober, substantial people. We did not see a sign of intemperance or rowdyism in any of its members while they remained here, and did not hear of any. Such a company visiting us once, establish impressions which will make them doubly welcome if they should come again.

From the St. John (N. B.) Telegraph.

FRIENDLY VISIT FROM OUR COUSINS.

On Saturday there steamed into our harbor and up to Reed's Point wharf, the good steamer *New Brunswick*, laden with New England pas-

sengers, a New England brass band playing "God Save the Queen." Her arrival was in part anticipated, and a large number of citizens had assembled on the wharf to greet the strangers.

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Our cousins did not remain long on board their steamer after she had touched the wharf. They soon scattered in all directions over the city, inspecting the few buildings of any pretensions we have to show; invading the shops, and making purchases on a large scale—so large, indeed, that in some articles the stores were really "cleaned out;" driving through the principal streets, and viewing the city from the leading points favorable for observation, such as Fort Howe, Carleton Heights, Mount Pleasant, etc. They rapidly made acquaintances and contracted friendships, and were quickly installed in the good graces of our citizens. They visited the Barracks, where they were introduced to the Highlanders in their kilts, (so soon to leave us), and were loud in their praises of the men who relieved Lucknow; they rambled through Mr. Reed's fine grounds, kindly thrown open to them by the proprietor; they visited the Suspension Bridge and admired the Falls at low water,—and, certainly, a more beautiful scene than was here presented about six p. m. on Saturday it would be hard to find. Some drove down the Manawaganish Road, others to Rothesay,—the latter having heard, even in distant Massachusetts, of the fame of the celebrated "Marsh Road;" others again saw and admired our Rural Cemetery, and many drove or walked out to Lily Lake. The livery stables were denuded of every horse and carriage that was worth driving—horse-flesh, indeed was worth money on Saturday.

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In regard to their band, the "Coit Excursionists" touched us on a very tender spot. If there is one thing more than another the *people* of St. John enjoy, it is popular out-door music, by a good Brass Band,—King's or Queen's Square preferred as the scene. On Saturday, under Mr. Richardson's leadership, the Excursionists' Band played on Queen's Square, from four to nearly six p. m. The pieces consisted of some operatic gems, and were played very sweetly. Toward the close "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Yankee Doodle," were given in very good style, and the entertainment concluded with our "National An-

them," which elicited a vote of thanks and a round of cheers from the assembled crowd. The Anthem was beautifully played and was in excellent taste.

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We understand the "Coit Excursionists" publish annually a book recording their travels, and the impressions produced. We trust they will be able to say of their visit down east that it was not marred by a single unpropitious incident in the land of the Bluenoses; that they enjoyed such scenery as we had to offer; that they found us living not too fast, and yet not extremely slow, and disposed to treat the "Coit Excursionists," not as strangers, but as brothers, entitled to be received into our hearts, and deserving of the firm grip of manly friendship. We trust this is not to be the last visit they will make us.

From the St. John (N. B.) Globe.

The trip of the "Coit Excursion" Party to Fredericton yesterday, was pleasant in the extreme. The day was very fine, and a gentle breeze swept the surface of the water, tempering the heat and refreshing the atmosphere. About two-thirds of the Excursion party were on board, and a number of our citizens, including a few ladies, Rev. Mr. McKenzie, Mr. Carvell, Superintendent of Railways, Mr. Reuben Lunt, Dr. Fisk, Mr. James Hegan, Mr. John R. Marshall, Chief of Police, Mr. March, of the *News*, Mr. Chas. Clark, and other St. John friends of the party. The excursionists had their band with them, and amid the music of the band, the friendly adieus and shouts of those on shore, and the responses of those on board, the *Rothesay* at 8:30 swung out from the wharf, and was soon speeding up our noble river. To say that the visitors were delighted would give but a faint idea of the feelings to which they gave utterance, at the varied scenery that presented itself until Fredericton was reached. The St. John never looked more lovely than it does now, its striking and majestic bluffs and highlands, its rich and wavy intervals, and its thousands of graceful elms, are looking fresh and lovely, and every turn but opens some new beauty, so that the eye never wearies with the changeful prospect before it. The number of churches along the river served to give the visitors an idea of the good

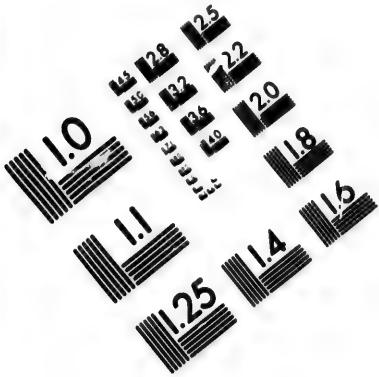
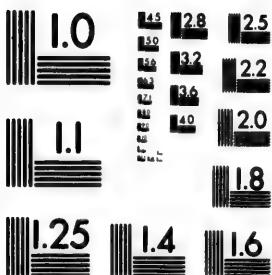
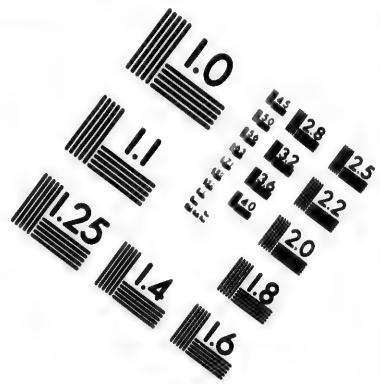


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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character of the inhabitants, and the absence of paint on many of the houses and of whitewash on the barns did not escape their observant eyes.

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At Fredericton the population turned out *en masse*. The wharf, barrack square, and the streets were thronged with people,—many of them ladies, looking their very loveliest. Mayor Gregory came on board and readily extended a welcome to the visitors, and Spafford Barker, Esq., the Vice Consul, and his amiable lady, were also at the wharf. Mr. Barker, as the representative of the United States, receiving the party, and introducing to them Mr. Gregory, the Mayor. Mr. Barker also conveyed a message from His Honor the Lieutenant Governor to the party to visit Government House. Preceded by their band, the whole party, forming four deep, marched through the street to His Honor's residence.

* * * * *

The Governor was in his most cordial mood. He shook hands with every member of the party, telling them to walk in, and assuring them that large as were their numbers there was room for them all—in his heart. He invited them to inspect the gardens and grounds, which are now looking most lovely, although all vegetation has a parched look.

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On the lounges in the parlors and halls of the Governor's residence, in the summer houses, under shade trees, the party snatched a few minutes' rest.

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The crowd of Frederictonians at the wharf, as the time of departure drew near, had almost doubled, and one of the bands had turned out in uniform; there was such a waving of handkerchiefs, shouting and cheering as the "*Rothesay*" steamed off that even the most stolid hearts must have been touched.

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The trip was really delightful, new friendships were made on all sides, and with mutual exclamations of pleasure at having met, and of regret at

parting, the party broke up when the boat reached Indiantown. Horse cars, omnibuses and coaches were in attendance, and soon all were transferred to their hotel, the "*New Brunswick*."

This morning a large number of citizens, including His Worship, the Mayor, visited the "*New Brunswick*," and amid witty speeches, pleasant badinage, and leave-taking an hour passed away rapidly and pleasantly. Soon after 10 o'clock, the steamer cast off her moorings, the band played "*God Save the Queen*," friends on shore waved hats and handkerchiefs to those on board, and those on board replied in the same manner, the band played "*God Save the Queen*," cheer after cheer went up, and soon the "*New Brunswick*" disappeared into the mist, but the recollection of the pleasant and agreeable ladies and gentlemen comprising her excursion will long last in the memories of those who met them.

From the Portland (Me.) Press.

In truth, it seems as if this was the best and cheapest way to get up an excursion. This company has had one of the best steamers in the Union about two weeks at their command, to go where they pleased and to stay as long as they thought proper. It was one of the most cheerful, happy and well-behaving parties that ever visited our city.

CONCLUSION.



THE Committee, to whom was intrusted the duty of preparing this little book that we might have a keepsake to remind us of the happy hours of a very successful excursion, beg leave to make some acknowledgment to many friends along the route whose names are omitted here. Many good things were spoken and written of us while on this tour. The outstretched hand was ever extended, and the heartiest greeting everywhere awaited us. Strangers to each other at first we very soon were exchanging friendly offices and regards, for we recognized in each other kind and warm hearts, though our homes were far apart. The Press without an exception wherever we went, had hearty, cordial words for us. With most commendable liberality, they gave a large portion of their editorial columns to a report of our movements. We would be glad to make fuller extracts from the several papers that so kindly noticed us did our space allow. Indeed, should we publish *all* that was said in the public journals concerning our party, it would make another volume as large as this.

Among the many papers that spoke favorably of us, we must in justice mention The Portland (Me.) *Press*, The Eastport (Me.) *Sentinel*, The Rockland (Me.) *Gazette* and *Press*, The St. John (N. B.) *Telegraph*, *Morning News*, and *Globe*. These all spoke of

us in terms that would make us a little *airy* were we made of flighty material. Nevertheless, we were highly flattered, which we hope will only make us desire to *be* the fine fellows these good friends say we *are*. We return to them our sincere thanks for their hearty welcomes, their many kind words, and good wishes. The personal favors we received will long be treasured in our memories, and we shall look back to those bright days with unusual satisfaction.

We would not forget to mention several of our own party, who held correspondence with papers in and out of our city. Mr. J. Cummings of Springfield wrote letters to the *Springfield Republican*. "Eli" wrote a solitary letter to the *Worcester Daily Spy*, judging from which, he might with credit to us and to himself have continued the correspondence; but for some unknown reason he made a sudden stop. "Eli was all right," as far as he went. His trump gave no uncertain sound. We hope, however, he will blow more than *one* tantalizing blast should he be placed in like circumstances again.

Other letters were written by the editor of the *Webster Times*, who accompanied us as far as Portland, Me., and met us at the same place on our return. To explain this gentleman's so marked interest in the Coit Excursion, it is only necessary to say that about thirty of the elect of his townspeople helped swell the size and enrich the quality of the great Coit Family.

The correspondence of our noble brother, Rev. Asa Bullard, of Boston, who wrote several interesting letters for the *Boston Daily News* under the signature of "An Observer," is deserving of special mention. We were highly fortunate in sharing the company and friendship of this distinguished man. We omit his letters with reluctance. But it seemed, on the whole, best to make the book less expensive by reducing its bulk, and to

restrict the contents of the volume mainly to what was written expressly for the community where most of our party reside. Very much of repetition is thus avoided—too much of which, we fear, will appear in the book as it is.

Finally, and in a wor^l, we have performed our task, to the best of our ability and discretion, under the circumstances.

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